



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

M. adds.

109.e.525.

109.e.525.

PAST TEN O'CLOCK,

AND A

RAINY NIGHT,

A Farce,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

By THOMAS DIBDIN.

AUTHOR OF THE JEW AND DOCTOR, CABINET, METRICAL
HISTORY OF ENGLAND, &c. &c.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1815.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

M. add. 109

Bt. from Clunes



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR PETER PUNCTUAL.....	<i>Mr. Gattie.</i>
OLD SNAPS.....	<i>Mr. Penley.</i>
YOUNG SNAPS.....	<i>Mr. Fisher.</i>
HARRY PUNCTUAL	<i>Mr. Wallack.</i>
CHARLES WILDFIRE.....	<i>Mr. Barnard.</i>
BANTAM	<i>Mr. Knight.</i>
DOZEY	<i>Mr. Munden.</i>
SAM SQUIB	<i>Mr. Bannister.</i>
WAITER	<i>Mr. Chatterley.</i>
NANCY	<i>Mrs. Orger.</i>
LUCY.....	<i>Mrs. Edwin.</i>
SILENCE	<i>Mrs. Harlowe.</i>

SCENE—LONDON.

PAST TEN O'CLOCK,

AND A

RAINY NIGHT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall.*

Old SNAPS discovered setting a letter.

Snaps. Silence! Silence! Mistress Silence!—
(*She enters and curtsies.*) Are the young ladies both up stairs? (*She nods.*) There have been no strange men in the house? (*She shakes her head.*) Is old Dozey below? (*She nods.*) Send him to me. (*She curtsies and goes off.*) There! there goes a wonder!—a woman who doesn't talk. I bargain'd with her never to speak but when I bid her—my two wards make so much noise that, if *she* were to join, one might as well live at a coppersmith's.—Of all my servants, Mrs. Silence is the only *good* one who doesn't *answer*. (*DOZEY enters.*) Dozey, do you know the Rodney's head?

Doz. Forty years ago I remember—

Sna. I don't ask what you remember'd forty years ago—do you know it *now*?

Doz. Hardly,—his face and wig were brown, as a sailor's should be—but your land paintera

have clapp'd a white perriwig on a face so red,
that he looks like the setting sun, through the
smoke of an evening salute.

Sna. Take this letter there—enquire for Sir Peter Punctual, and give it into nobody's hands but his own.

Doz. Before I finish my job?

Sna. What job?

Doz. Teaching your worship's ward, Miss Nancy, to box the compass; she has a knack at navigation, and know's how to cross the line.

Sna. How dare you make so free with my ward?—what do I hire you for?

Doz. Five pounds a year and the run of the kitchen—for which the poor old man is an errand boy all day, and a watchman all night.

Sna. Well, and if every man who can afford it, wou'd take one old warrior and help to eke out his pension, it would do the sons of Peace a dev'lish deal of credit.

Doz. It wou'd—but you keep *tuv*!

Sna. And harkye, Dozey; I've had your watchbox put close to the corner of the house.

Doz. Worse luck for me.

Sna. Why?

Doz. Because I never can sleep with my head to leeward.

Sna. What! sleep on your post?

Doz. Not till I've cried all my hours, and if the church clock's too fast, who can help it?

Sna. And then you are apt to *drink* a little.

Doz. My worst enemy can't say I drink a little—your worship enables me to eat, and where's the harm if I sometimes wash down your bounty with the good wishes of an old man's gratitude.

Sna. Well, well, give that letter to nobody

but Sir Peter, and make haste back: (*Goes up to table.*)

Doz. Poor Dozey!—Master calls me an old warrior! and yet the best of these landsmen are so ignorant that they wonder a tar, who has been at sea for forty years, should eat, drink, and sleep.

[*Exit.*]

Sna. And now to prevent the admission of any coxcomb before Sir Peter's arrival—Squib! Sam Squib!—

Squib. (*without—singing.*) “ Poize the musket, point the lance.” Coming, your honour.

Sna. Here's another sample of “ laid up in ordinary.” Squib!

Enter SQUIB.

Squ. Your honour!

Sna. Don't say your honour any more.

Squ. I won't, your honour.

Sna. What have you been about, Sam?

Squ. Teaching Miss Lucy the broadsword exercise.

Sna. So, I shall have one half my house turn'd into a camp, and the other into a quarter-deck; now do leave off your military manners, turn your sword into a ploughshare, and try to be a civil citizen.

Squ. I know nothing of ploughs or citizens, your honour; but as to being civil, that's what I am, and always was—the whole regiment call'd me civil Sam—I'd have knock'd down any man as said I was'nt—and so would my dear old dead and gone master, Captain Wildfire.

Sna. Rot your old master!—I can never speak a word but up comes your dear old dead and gone master.

Squ. And where wou'd you see a better?—the day of battle with him was a glorious day; he was then a salamander, surrounded by fire, and cool in the middle of it.—“Corporal” he used to say “always take aim with desperate deliberation; you'll be sure to hit,” and I only wish your honour was an enemy to shew you how we did it.

Sna. Thankye.

Squ. Aye, death opened the trenches of an old wound, undermined the Captain's works, and carried the citadel by sap.

Sna. He left you to me as a legacy—but there's a tax upon legacies.

Squ. And if I'm not worth my *duty*, turn me to the right about,—I can walk as far as Chelsea, and after having in my country's cause, so many years stood up, I shall think it d—d hard if they don't ask me to sit down—but, was'nt the Captain a credit to his cloth?

Sna. He was—but he had one fault.

Squ. Not he.

Sna. Yes, he had, he was too hasty in his anger and in his good-nature.

Squ. Not a bit. He was every body's patron, every body's friend.

Sna. True, he lent his name to nostrums in the newspapers, married a hussey who had already deceived him, and used to buy all his wine of particular acquaintances; so that nobody left his table without a head-ache, his wife ran away, and he was killed by a quack medicine he had publicly attested as a cure for every thing.

Squ. So it was.

Sna. And so he found it—Aye, aye, in your eyes, nothing he did was wrong.

Squ. Oh, yes, one thing was very wrong—

there was his poor son!—a fine lad, bid fair to grow up like his father; and if his mother did desert her colours, it wasn't right to drum the young one out for it—to be sure, he was saucy to the Captain, who never forgave disobedience, but then it was in his *mother's* cause—and even if a mother shou'd quarrel with one's father, and be in the wrong—yet, she *is* one's mother, you know.

Sna. But Young Wildfire did many shocking things, it is said that he killed one of the men.

Squ. Oh, no, he did but throw a nine pounder at a grenadier's head, for speaking ill of the Captain—perhaps it might have made a breach in the palisades of the fellow's lower jaw, and left but one tooth standing, like a solitary sentinel upon an outpost;—if it had killed him, it wou'd only have saved him from an untimely end, for he was hanged soon after.

Sna. Well, you know Old Dozey, our Watchman?

Squ. Yes, your honour, the groggy Old Pensioner takes post at our door and cries every hour in his sleep.

Sna. I've sent him with a letter to meet an Old Friend, coming to marry one of my wards, and the other I intend for my son Solomon—but the baggages last summer have got acquainted with two other lovers—Nancy is smitten with a disinherited son of some country baronet, and Lucy's in love with a soldier, forsooth! .

Squ. A sensible girl.

Sna. Now you and Dozey, must club your vigilance and guard my door from these two young men. You won't be ashamed of your associate because he is a watchman?

Squ. Ashamed ! not I, indeed ! It's owing to such watchmen that some folks lie snug in their beds—and with submission, I do think it hard, very hard, that poor Old Dozey, who spent the days of his youth in the hardships of war, should pass the nights of his age in time of peace, under a sky-coloured counterpane and the cold comforts of a cloudy morning.

[Exit Squib.

Sna. Dozey and Sam, are my allied auxiliaries, and when they have helped me to beat the enemy, I shan't wait for a congress to partition out the proportions of their remuneration.

[*Lucy* sings without.

Soh !—here comes one of my torments.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Did you send for me, Guardee ?

Sna. Have you seen your hopeful cousin to day ?

Lucy. Just left her, sir.

Sna. Where ?

Lucy. In the West Indies.

Sna. In the West Indies ?

Lucy. Yes, she's been a voyage with Old Dozey, and is now getting ready for her master in geography, she was two hours in the crater of Mount *Ætna*, from whence she set off, as fast as her compasses could carry her to another quarter of the globe, and I left her at Tortuga, two leagues and a half from the north-west end of the Island of Saint Domingo.

Sna. She's far gone, indeed ; pray, Miss, are you out of your senses as well as she ?

Lucy. My dear Sir, you have so often reproached us with our sex's inanity, ignorance,

and frivolity ; that we have been laying our heads together how to improve, and it being your pleasure to lock us up, we are obliged, for want of practice, to resort to theory ; thus, when my cousin has crossed the line, visited the Vistula, touched at the Torrid Zone, and ascertained her own antipodes, she will be qualified to write a book of travels ; while I, after having studied the natures of alkali, carbonic acids, galvanism, and gas lights, till I'm more in the dark than ever, am determined, with the assistance of your corporal, to learn the broad sword exercise, and make a bivouac of my bedroom till military manners shall unfeminize me as much as can be wish'd, and teach me to soar above my sex, to your entire and perfect satisfaction.

Sna. What devil's mischief are they brewing now ?

Lucy. Is that all you had to say to me sir ?

Sna. No, call your cousin—I beg pardon—order her to set sail from Tortuga, near the Island of Saint Domingo, take a trip, under light breezes, down the straits of the grand staircase, and bring her erudition to an anchor in sight of her guardian.

Lucy. (*speaking a-la-militaire.*) I shall endeavour to execute the service I have the honour to be employ'd in, with celerity and decision ; (*going*) but your commands are anticipated, for I can hear my cousin's foot in advance upon the pas-de-charge.

Enter NANCY with a book.—She runs towards Snap, who turns on his heel from her.

Nan. Guardian ! my dear Guardian ! nay, don't turn upon your axis, just when I am inclined to move in your own orbit.

Lucy. [Going on the other side of *Snap.*] To the left, wheel, *Guardee*, my cousin has the terms of an armistice to propose.

Sna. I propose that she shall marry my son, and unless she consents without ceremony—

Nan. Without ceremony, fie for shame, *Guardian*!! Marriage, without ceremony, doesn't exist, even among the most barbarous nations, who on such occasions are accustomed to—

Lucy. Halt! *Guardee*'s going to speak.

Sna. Ladies, you will both oblige me by complying with a fair proposition?

Nan. Let it be geographical, and whether problematical or paradoxical, I'll give it due attention.

Lucy. Or put your *preliminaries* into proper form and I'll answer them article by article.

Sna. I offer you, Miss *Lucy*, the hand of Sir Peter *Punctual*, a gentleman, whose pocket is lined with eighty thousand pounds.

Lucy. Of effective ammunition, upon paper. Granted.

Sna. His temper is—

Lucy. Article the first. To be considered.

Sna. His character—

Lucy. Inadmissible.

Sna. And his person—

Lucy. Refused.

Sna. And now, Miss *Nancy* what has your ladyship to object to my son—The son of your guardian—The son of your father's friend?

Nan. (Reading.) When any other *body* interposes between us and the *sun*—

Snap. A youth whose warmth for your welfare—

Nan. His warmth becomes of no avail, while we—

Snap. And his father's best hopes—

Nan. Are lost in a total eclipse.

Snap. Go up to your apartments!—Come, Miss Military, march if you please, I'll teach you to fire great guns at your guardian, and as to *your* geography master, I shall soon find him out—some fellow not worth five-pence, I dare say, in disguise, with no other business than to run all over the world.

Nan. As masters in geography generally do.

Snap. Sir Peter will be here to-night—his letter says, “To Solomon Snaps, Senior, Esquire.—Dear friend, I shall leave home at “eight in the morning—be in town with a license before three,—dine with my lawyer at “four,—bring the parson at nine,—at ten, set “off with my bride into the country, where by “half-past four the next morning”—

Lucy. The poor gentleman will be pretty well tired of his journey.

Snap. I also expect my son to-night from college, so behave as you ought, or one of you shall pack up her tatters, and follow the drum, and the other may go see what o'clock it is in Prester John's Dominions.

Lucy. Oh dear!

Snap. Aye, only think what danger a young girl is expos'd to that's left alone in the world!

Nan. Not half so much as when she has somebody with her. Well, cousin, come along, and we'll try if we can't get an honest livelihood without being married at all—two young men now, would be at little loss, but for poor women there are few employments—what do you think of the stage?

Lucy. I should like it of all things—we'll appear together at the same house in a new farce.

Snap. I wish you success with all my heart.

Nan. No—we'll come out at different theatres

and divide the town between us—and, while at one house I— (Seizing Snap's hand.)

“ See thy last breath with indignation go
And tread thee sinking to the shades below.”

Lucy. (seizing his other hand) I at the other will

“ Madly play with my forefather's joints,
And with some kinsman's bones, as with a club,
Dash out my desperate brains !”

Snap. Brains ! why you hav'nt an ounce between ye.

Both. Granted.

Snaps. Silence ! Mrs. Silence ! (he drives them off, they dance round, and tease him as they go.)

Enter Mrs. SILENCE.

Take this key, lock up the ladies in their own suite of rooms, and let nobody to them unless I or or Sam Squib desire you. [She nods and exit.

Squib. (behind) “ How happy's the soldier,” &c.

Snaps. Sam.

Enter SQUIB.

Is'nt Dozey come back.

Squib. No, Sir.

Snaps. Very odd—Sir Peter used to be punctuality personified !

Squib. Perhaps he has put in somewhere to wood and water as he calls it your honour.

Snaps. Now I do hate a fellow that stays of an errand—Step to the Rodney's head, ask if Sir Peter has arrived, and bring the old block-head Dozey back with you.

Squib. If I catch him in a canteen, I'll—but let's be particular about my own orders for fear of a court martial—march to Rodney's head—reconnoitre for Sir Peter—and bring the old blockhead with me, “ and he conquered the “ world with his row de dow dow” (*going.*)

Snaps. But barkye Sam, don't you stay as long as he. [Exit.

Squib. Quick march all the way there, and home like a shot from a nine pounder.

[Exit. singing “ When first I heard the drum and fife,” &c.

SCENE II. *At an Inn.*

Enter YOUNG SNAPS and WAITER, who puts Wine on Table.

Wat. I'll shew you another room, with pleasure, Sir, but this here one misfortunately happens to be engaged to a gentleman.

Y. Snap. (*soppishly*) Never mind—shan't stop—see that my fellow has my horse taken care of—and order my portmanteau into a room where I may put on a riding dress more proper to walk in.

Wat. This way, if you please, Sir.

Y. Sna. And if any one enquires for Solomon Snaps, *Junior*; *Esquire*, they'll find me at my father's.

Wat. I shall, Sir.

Y. Sna. Do—every body knows my father—d—d rich, got a new house and all that sort of thing, and I'm come to town to be married, and—

Wat. And all that sort of thing, I suppose, Sir.

Y. Sna. Very well—don't forget Solomon Snaps, *Esquire*, d'ye mind.

[Exit talking with Waiter.

Enter BANTAM.

Ban. Why Waiter! Waiter! where's the wine, and—oh! here it is—all right.

Enter HARRY PUNCTUAL and CHARLES WILDFIRE.

Har. (*sitting down on one side the table*), Charles Wildfire!

Cha. (*sitting down on t'other*) Harry Punctual!

Har. I pronounce our cases to be desperate.

Cha. And what says your prime minister? the intelligent Mr. Bantam?

Ban. If one interested guardian and two old pensioners, are not to be conquered by four young lovers and your most obedient, Bantam's no game, and we'll all die dunghill.

Har. What intelligence have you glean'd?

Ban. That you, Captain Wildfire, are held in perfect abhorrence by the guardian—and if you, Sir, (*to Harry*), venture again to introduce yourself as a teacher in geography, not even my skill will be able to get you out of the scrape.

Har. So, because I have refused an old wife, my father, out of revenge, is determined to marry a young one.

Cha. Is my late father's old servant, Sam, still there?

Ban. Yes, Sir.

Cha. I haven't seen him these ten years—I was but sixteen, when because a grenadier spoke ill of my father, and I happen'd to—but that's no matter—I was sent away—and Sam, whose wife nursed me, was sorry for it—yet such is his sense of duty, that if he has received orders to keep me out, he'd stifle the feelings of his heart

towards his old master's offspring rather than betray the trust of his present benefactor.

Ban. Can't blame him, Sir, *my* feelings to a tittle. What can you say to such a servant?

Har. That he's a damn'd honest brute; and it's very uncivil of any gentleman to keep me, and my friend, out of his house, by employing such a trustworthy rascal: then there's that she-dragon, Mrs. Silence.

Ban. Leave me to encounter her, Sir; she has an eye which tells me Bantam may blind its vigilance when he pleases, and as she has no tongue, or, at least, never makes use of it, I think, when *you* win *your* ladies, I shall e'en venture on the forlorn hope myself.

Har. Well, if I was you Charles, I'd go boldly to your old foster father, set old Snaps in a proper light, "to do a great right, do a little wrong, " and curb this cruel guardian of his will."

Ban. Or condescend to go and wait for me at the coffee-house opposite, the sign of the Devil, and I'll find means to bring you in, or the lady out.

Cha. What shall I do, Harry?

Har. When I can't do better, I always trust to him.

Ban. Thankye, Sir; my little versatility of talent has ever been at your service. Educated in the school of adversity, my talents raised me from the bottom of the cellar, where I was born, to the top of the chimney, which I swept, and where no merrier lad ever cried *we weep!* till cast down again into an hospitable kitchen—I found my way up to the parlour, behind the coach, and into the service of my present master; where, if he doesn't know when he's well off, I do, and have made up my mind never to quit him.

Cha. I shall want all your aid; and if I obtain my Lucy, a reformed rake shall make a good husband; if not, I can but once more go to—what tavern did you say?

Ban. The Devil, Sir, and the sooner you're there the better; only keep to the left, and—

Cha. I know my way without your teaching, Sir. [Exit.]

Har. And now to *my* affairs.—My father thinks me at college, while I have been in town long enough to spend all my money, and—

Enter WAITER.

Well, Sir, what do you want?

Wai. Any gentleman here of the name of Punctual? Sir Peter Punctual?

Ban. Why?

Wai. An old pensioner wishes to deliver a letter to him himself—from one Mr. Snaps.

Ban. Shew him up. [Exit Waiter.]

Har. Why?

Ban. You shall pass for Sir Peter.

Har. For my father, who is thirty years older?

Ban. You'll look quite as old when you're fast asleep with your face upon the table; and before you wake I can get the letter, which, being from Mr. Snaps, may let us into the old gentleman's plans. (*Harry lays his head on the table.*) Come, Sir, turn your head this way; I'll pretend to be—there, cover your face; and—dear me, if Sir Peter sleeps without a nightcap (*covers him with a handkerchief*) Sir Peter will take cold; and if Sir Peter takes cold, Sir Peter will—

Enter DOZEY, with a Letter.

Hush!

Doz. What must I hush for?

Ban. If you wake Sir Peter he won't give you a farthing for bringing that letter.

Doz. Bless you, I'm paid already, and paid to give it into nobody's hands but his own.

Ban. It would be foolish to do that now.

Doz. Why?

Ban. Because he never reads in his sleep.

Doz. Who the devil does!

Ban. And when he wakes he always forgets every thing that happened before his nap.

Doz. That's very odd.

Ban. And very lucky for me, because it helps me to make him believe many things that never happened; for instance, now sit you down here, lend me a helping hand for five minutes, and, when he awakes, you shall see me persuade him that he drank this full bottle of wine.

Doz. You can't persuade me to that.

Ban. No, you shall only have your share; so, to begin, here's—

Doz. Hush!

Ban. Why?

Doz. You'll wake Sir Peter before we finish the bottle.

Ban. And now, brother shoulderknot—(*slapping him on the back*).

Doz. Brother what? (*indignantly*) This is the *king's* livery! and mustn't be put off a footing with him who only helps his betters to—a glass of wine.

Ban. (*Filling Dozey's glass*) Certainly. To your master's health; I rise to drink it. Yet its no disgrace to stand behind the chair of an honest gentleman, tho' he may be only a subject.

Doz. I never stood behind any thing but a gun; and for many a glass I've hob-nobbed with

the enemy, in a sort of grape, that has laid all our opponents like dead men under the table.

Ban. No doubt—spar shot, star shot, and bar shot.

Doz. Was you ever among it?

Ban. No.

Doz. What a pity!

Ban. It is: but I shouldn't mind that; only, I never yet met a man to give me a proper description of a battle.

Doz. No! then the first thing we do is to—
(*takes off his great coat and sits down on it.*)

Ban. Clear the decks (*giving Dozey a full glass*).

Doz. Well, so we do (*drinks*); and when the decks are once clear'd, we look for—

Ban. Ammunition (*fills Dozey's glass again*).

Doz. (*Drinks*) So we do; and, when we've got it, captain makes a speech, "my lads," says he, "whatever you do—".

Ban. Don't wake Sir Peter.

Doz. Who the devil cares for Sir Peter! up hammocks! out tompions! down marlinspikes! and then, in solemn silence, we—

Ban. Serve out the grog (*fills Dozey's glass*).

Doz. So we do; so we do. Well, then we hoist the English colours *here*; (*ties his blue handkerchief to his stick*) and then we'll suppose the enemy's colours *there*; (*sticks the letter on the back rail of Bantam's chair*) this flag flies (*pointing to his handkerchief*).

Ban. And that— (*pointing to the letter*.)

Doz. Goes to the devil.

Ban. So it does (*throwing it to the table on which Harry reclines*).

Doz. Victory is drank with three times three;

and (singing) " Britons never, never, never, never will be slaves."

Har. (Pretending to awake, says, in a grumbling tone) What the devil's the matter?

Ban. Nothing, Sir; only here's a — (now only mind) (aside to *Doz.*) here's an honest gentleman has just now given you a letter, and waits for an answer.

Doz. Me! I never did, nor never will, give it into any body's hands but his own.

Har. A letter! to me! I don't remember.

Ban. No, Sir, it was just before you drank this bottle of wine.

Har. Me! oh, yes, I remember.

Ban. (Apart to *Doz.*) I told you so (makes signs to *Harry*, and goes off with *Dozey's* great coat).

Doz. (Staggering) How drunk he is! I see now; you said so. Didn't you ask me to shew you a sea-fight? (To *Harry* who takes *Bantam's* place.)

Har. Oh, yes, yes; and devilish well you did it. What's this (pointing to *Dozey's* handkerchief)?

Doz. This is the English flag; and this is — Oh, Lord! come, no nonsense; where's the letter? and where the devil's Sir Peter?

Har. Oh, you gave him the letter, and he's gone, and you'll find him below. Bless-me, how a glass or two of wine has altered you!

Doz. Has it? Well, you don't look like the same man. Where the devil's your shoulder-knot?

Har. Oh, why? This is the door — this way — and my master —

Doz. Your master is a d—d shabby fellow; for tho' you saw me give the letter into his own hands, he never had the good manners to say,

Drink this (*snaps his fingers*). However, I've done my duty.

Har. You have.

Doz. And yet---I can't help it---it always sets my eye-pumps afloat, when I think that lads like you and me, for want of a pilot, should---take care---steady, my boy---(*BANTAM enters, and takes charge of Dozey from HARRY, without Dozey perceiving the change*)---Port your helm. (*Looks at BANTAM.*) Aye, damme, now you begin to look a little more like yourself; don't be frightened, I'll steer you safe, depend on't.

[*Exit Dozey conducted by BANTAM.*]

Har. Now to read the letter; (*reads*) "Dear Friend, This will be brought you by an old pensioner, who will instantly shew you to my house." Zounds! if I cou'd but contrive to go instead of my father, and get there before him.

Re-enter BANTAM.

Ban. Sir! Sir!

Har. What's the matter?---where's the old sailor?

Ban. He has turned in for a nap; but that's not all; your father is arrived, and is coming into this very room.

Har. My father! he mustn't see me.

Ban. There's no avoiding it, Sir.

Sir Peter (without). I know the staircase.

Har. If he sees me, I shall be disinherited---what shall I do?

Ban. Take your old place; once more pretend to sleep: give me that letter, and trust to me to bring you off---quick! quick!

Enter Sir PETER and Waiter.

Sir P. (looking at his watch.) For the first time in my life, I'm a full hour and a half behind my appointment—that will do, I hate to give trouble: reach me a chair: you don't take me, I hope, for one of those blockheads who look for every comfort at an inn, and expect waiters and landlords to find out their wants by instinct.

Wai. No, Sir, we don't take you for one of those blockheads.

Sir P. Then why the devil don't you pull off my great coat? Stay, stop a minute, I hate to give trouble; bid the ostler look to my wheels—bring in the seat of the chaise—make a good fire—order a Sandwich—ask for the newspaper—get me a hackney-coach, and carry this letter to the post-office.

Wai. Well, for a gentleman as gives no trouble, this is the most oddest I ever met with. [*Exit.*]

Sir P. My graceless rogue of a son wouldn't marry to please me, and now I'll marry to shew him the difference. Eh! who's there?

Ban. (coming forward.) It's me, Sir Peter.

Sir P. And what brings *you* here? and where's my son, Harry?

Ban. I thought you'd ask that, Sir, so I came to meet you.

Sir P. And how did you know *I* was coming?

Ban. Allow me to take your great coat and hat. (*Throws the coat over Harry, and puts the hat on it.*) So asking for you at this house, there came an old drunken Greenwich pensioner with this letter for you, Sir. Allow me to take off the envelope; and he said he should call and shew you to one Mr. Snaps. So said I to the man... (*Here DOZBY enters, while SIR PETER*

is busy reading the letter)—Old Pensioner, Sir Peter will be ready to go with you in a minute, so wait in that room. (BANTAM speaks this equally to DOZEY and Sir PETER.)

Doz. Oh! [Exit to an inner room.

Sir P. Who was that said Oh?

Ban. Nobody, Sir Peter; (half aside) the letter's quite right, I hope, Sir?

Sir P. Oh! yes; but where did you put my hat and coat? I'm always particular in strange places; dear, dear, how dusty the roads are (shaking his under great coat.)

Ban. Well, then, I'll help you to brush, Sir, (aside to HARRY, yet as if speaking to Sir Peter.)

Sir P. Things are apt to walk off here in the most unaccountable manner.

Ban. (brushing Sir Peter, and pulling him so that he cannot look back.) They are very apt to walk off, indeed, Sir Peter, (making signs to HARRY.)

Sir P. Before one's face sometimes.

Ban. No, Sir, they generally wait till your back's turned, (putting him round, HARRY walks off under the coat and hat); there, Sir, that will do, (draws a screen between him and the table where the coat was). Waiter! where's the newspaper you was asked for?

Wai. (entering) The newspaper! I gave it the old gentleman this minute.

Ban. The devil you did!

Wai. Yes, I met him on the stairs; I knew him by his comical coat and three-cock'd hat.

[Exit.

Sir P. My what?

Ban. Coat and hat! then my fears are true.

Sir P. What fears!

Ban. You don't believe in ghosts; but it was

either your son, or his apparition, run away with your coat; you—you heard me say. Oh! didn't you, Sir?

Sir P. Yes, in a damned grumbling hollow sort of voice..

Ban. I thought at that moment I saw your son peep from under your coat, and hold up his finger at me; but, ha! ha! ha! (*in an affected hysterical laugh*). It was very awful; I'm glad it was no ghost; the coat's gone by mortal hands, and I shan't die before my proper time.

Sir P. You shan't; but perhaps my son may.

Ban. Ah! Sir, I have every reason to think he's—

Sir P. What?

Ban. Gone already, Sir,

Sir P. So is my coat—here, Waiter! fetch a—

Ban. (*to Waiter as he enters*). A coach.

Wai. It's at the door: the gentleman bid me—

Ban. Take the number. [*Exit Waiter*].

Sir P. Zounds, Sir! I didn't mean a coach; I meant a—

Ban. A constable, I know you did, Sir Peter; but you wouldn't take up your own son; for, besides, Sir, I was going to tell you, he has got a— a pretty girl in it; one Miss Nancy, Sir, she lives at the very house you are going to.

Sir P. If ever I catch him going there—

Ban. He has been there, in the disguise of a Master in Geography.

Sir P. I won't believe it.

Ban. But you may be convinced, only hide your face and give this card when you ask for the lady, you'll meet your son, and recover your great coat.

Sir P. Is the coach ready?

Ban. Yes, he's gone to bring the number.

Sir P. And how many visits do you think my son has paid this lady?

Wai. (*entering.*) Three hundred and eleven.

Sir P. The devil!

Ban. No! that's the number of the coach, Sir.

Sir P. But where's the old pensioner, he shall go with me.

Ban. Not in the coach, Sir!

Sir P. No, let him get up behind.

Ban. To be sure he's a little groggy; but I'll fetch him. [Exit.

Sir P. I might have found the way to my old friend's without a coach; but what with building up and pulling down, the two ends of London are turned plump into the middle, and the first stage out of town is at least two miles before you get into the country.

Re-enter BANTAM as Dozey.

Ban. (*As if tipsey.*) Sarvant, your honour. Coxen coachee has man'd the box, hove up his anchor, tiller in hand, ready to crowd sail when honour please command.

Sir P. None of your forecastle phrases. Tar, your affected sea terms are only fit for a fresh-water sailor.

Ban. Your honour's deceived in me, or there's no truth in man. [Exit.

(*As they go off* Dozey enters from the room.)

Doz. If Sir Peter be'nt ready for convoy, I sails without him—gone!—and left his grog! I know but three reasons why a man shou'd do that—first, when he can't take it with him—secondly, when it a'ent made to his liking—and, thirdly, when he has nobody to say “here's to ye.” (*Drinks.*)

Enter SQUIB.

Squ. Dozey! Dozey! this is just what I expected.

Doz. And more than I did, by at least a pint.

Squ. For a servant that's sent of an errand to stop by the way is mutiny and desertion. (*Sits down.*)

Doz. I don't know that I stopp'd—I was going on, and had just fill'd a bumper to—to—the Army.

(*Drinks.*)

Squ. No, had you—why then it shall never be said, that Corporal Squib heard that toast from a sailor, and refused to drink—the Navy.

(*Drinks.*)

Doz. And then I was going to give Miss Nancy.

Squ. And Miss Lucy, if you please, and suppose we add the health of our old governor, Mr. Snaps.

Doz. Our governor—he's an honest man, and his heart has no skylights.

SNAPS enters (unobserved.)

Squ. And if the jolly old merchant was here between us, he'd look like the picture of Commerce supported by the King's arms—here's to him—(*While they drink—SNAPS takes the head of the table and sits down.*)

Squ. & Doz. Huzza! huzza! huzza!

Sna. Huzza! gentlemen—for the honour you have done me in my absence—I beg leave to ask—what the devil are you at here?—(*To DOZEY.*)

Doz. Waiting for Sir Peter.

Sna. (To SQUIB.) And you—

Squ. Come to fetch Dozey—but his honour want's wine.

Doz. I'll ring the bell.

Sna. Get out of the house ye liquorish old

veterans, or the picture of Commerce will knock your lion and unicorn heads against each other, and rob the King's arms of two most drabson supporters. [Drives them off.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *In front of SNAP's house.*

A Watchbox near the Door, and a practicable Window above.—Enter CHARLES and BANTAM, the latter with DOZEY'S Coat on his Arm.

Cha. And how did you get rid of Sir Peter?

Ban. I bid the coachman drive in a contrary direction—jump'd down from behind the coach and ran here to advise you to make the best of your time; in the mean while, having done with Old Dozey's upper Benjamin, I'll honestly deposit it in his watchbox. (Puts coat in watchbox.)

Cha. And where's your master?

Ban. Here; I hope,—he left the tavern muffled up in Sir Peter's great coat—I'll knock and try to find out whether he has gained admittance.

Cha. Zounds! here are two of the enemy—we must observe them. (They retire.)

Enter SNAPS and SQUIN.

Squ. Nay, but your honour!

Sna. Don't honour me—where's Dozey?

Squ. Gone back to look for his coat.

Sna! (Knocks at door.) A pair of pretty youths! (Mrs. Silence opens door.) Sir Peter, arrived?—no:—egad then I'll go make enquiry at his lawyer's. Till Dozey comes, keep good

look out;—my son and the Baronet are the only men you may admit.

Squ. And if the master in geography makes his appearance—

Sna. Let him in—lock him in the cellar, and when I return we'll toss him in a blanket.

Squ. But as I never saw your son, or Sir Peter—

Sna. You'll know Sir Peter by civilly asking him to shew you the letter I sent him by Dozey—and as for my son, only look for a smart, tight, handsome, in short, a perfect likeness of his father, and you can't be mistaken. [Exit.

Squ. Likeness of his father! Then he's one of the awkward squad; besides what's the use of my asking Sir Peter to shew me the letter when I can't read—If I could I might have been a quarter-master.

Ban. (coming forward.) Ah! Corporal, how goes it?

Squib. How goes what?

Ban. Bless me! it's a thousand years since you and I met.

Squib. It may be more for any thing that I know.

Ban. Is it possible you don't recollect me?

Squib. I recollect having never seen you before.

Ban. Not at school.

Squib. I never went to school; but now I look again, I remember a queer-looking fellow, like you, who borrowed a guinea of me;—I shall get rid of him now, (inside.)

Ban. Did I? well, I don't mind a guinea; step into the house, and I'll pay you.

Squib. No, People always pay before they go in at this house.

Ban. Well, *there*, to be sure the circumstance of the guinea is *new* to me.

Squib. So it is to most people ; but I'll take it for old acquaintance sake ; any thing else---

Ban. No, only, I've got a *letter* here.

Squib. Which you may keep ; I don't want that.

Ban. And you have got---two young ladies, who---

Squib. Who are as safe up stairs as your guinea is in my pocket ; so tie your tactics a little closer together, for Corporal Squib's always on the alert.

Ban. We shall see that presently (*aside*).

[*Exit, making signals to CHARLES.*

Cha. (*from the other side.*) Corporal ! st !---st !---

Squib. Eh ! another old acquaintance ! who may *you* be ?

Cha. Don't you know Charles Wildfire ?

Squib. The son of my old captain---where the devil did you come from ?

Cha. From the devil.

Squib. You always kept bad company.

Cha. Suppose I should have reformed, grown rich, and able to offer you a good round sum to let me into this house ?

Squib. Why then I should wish *myself* a drummer, and you at the halberds, that I might give you a few reasons, why it's as bad for a rich man to offer a bribe, as for a poor fellow to take one.

Cha. Suppose, on the other hand, that Charles is poor, broken-hearted, and without a friend.

Squib. In that case I'd pour my little savings into his pocket, bind up the wounds of his broken heart, and serve him without pay, plunder, or prize-money : but I'm not certain you *are* the

captain's son:---now I look again, you never can be that wicked dog.

Cha. Indeed I am. Don't you remember when I first went abroad with my father, and you *wou'd* take me on a foraging party?

Squib. You *wou'd* go—like a foolish youth of sixteen, as you was.

Cha. And while the quarter-master was in treaty with the farmer for hay and oats, you *wou'd* take a kiss of the cottager's pretty daughter?

Squib. No—that was *you*.

Cha. Me—Oh, no—O fie—a *sweet* girl she was—wasn't she Sam?

Squib. She was—she was—and you like a—

Cha. No, I'm sure I—

Squib. Oh, yes you did—yes—you—ah, you're the captain's son after all.

Cha. I gave her a squeeze a-la-militaire, when you clubb'd your musket and swore you'd knock out the brains of any man, who by one base action could be guilty of a double scandal, in sullying the reputations of a soldier and a woman.

Squib. And damme if I wouldn't have *done* it too!

Cha. Yet when the videttes of the enemy surprised us, you kill'd the corporal who aim'd a blow at me.

Squib. And *you* shiver'd the serjeant's sabre that would have sliced poor Sam—'twas your first action and a brave one it was!—*I* went piping hot with the story to your father, and had like to have got broke for taking you out without orders.

Cha. I'll have him now (*aside.*) And now because I am pursued by a *Bailiff*, you can have the heart to refuse me a moment's shelter.

Squib. A bailiff—well—how can I help it—

its my duty to refuse you shelter. Your father always said, "Sam," says he, "let your orders be what they will, always stick to the letter of them."

Cha. But if he had known his son would be hunted, as I am, by a fellow who boasts of making a British officer fly before him, and calls executing a writ upon a *Soldier*, going to catch a lobster.

Squib. A what! only tell me what sort of a fellow he is!

Cha. Oh! your sheriffs' gentlemen are as smart as any other officers going—you'll know this one by his new boots, fashionable coat, dashing hat, and large stick.

Squib. To call a soldier a lobster! In with you, my dear young master—but give me your parole to come out when I request.

Cha. And that I am sure you won't do till my object is accomplished. (*Exit into house.*)

Squib. I should like to catch these civil officers, with their new boots, dashing hats, and large sticks.

(YOUNG SNAPS enters, looking about.)

Y. Sna. A pretty dance I've had among these new streets—eh!—oh!—oh!—this is the house.

(going to door.)

Squib. (Intercepting him) No, it isn't.

Y. Sna. This is one of dad's new servants—don't know me—is your master at home?

Squib. No.

Y. Sna. Is there no one else in the house?

Squib. Yes.

Y. Sna. Then open the door for your master's son.

Squib. I did just now.

Y. Sna. What d'ye mean—there's a person here I must see—

Squib. I know---but you may go and catch lobsters somewhere else.

Y. Sna. Catch lobsters!

Squib. You won't make a British soldier run here, I promise you.

Y. Sna. What?

Squib. March your bran new boots back to your master the sheriff, and tell him, when gentlemen bearing his Majesty's commission have seem'd to be captured by enemies abroad, it's rather too bad to make warrant-officers of their brethren, to lock them up in a prison at home---March!

Y. Sna. Why then curse me if you e'ent a very impudent scoundrel, and by the honour of a gentleman, I will go in.

Squib. O you will (collars him).

Y. Sna. (struggles with him) Yes, I will, you saucy rascal, I---I---

[Tries to get to the house door---Squib in the struggle holds him against the wall, and in making an effort to free himself, Young Snap falls into the watchbox---exclaiming]---

I will go in.

Squib. (locks the door on him,) will you, well then you shall go in, and now you are in, you shall stay there---(goes to the house and calls) Charles!---Master Charles! the enemy's safe---make the best use of your time, d'ye hear---why don't he make his retreat.

Enter HARRY as SIR PETER.

Har. (aside) Now to fight the old soldier, I pass'd old Snaps on my way. I shou'd have been here half an hour since, but was stopped by---(goes towards house, Squib stops him.)

Squib. Beg pardon—your honour's name and business?

Har. (in a feigned voice) Punctual—Sir Peter—master's friend—and so forth. Old sailor brought a letter—which I have left behind (aside) and—and so forth.

Squib. I shouldn't like his honour to know I can't read, (aside) never mind the letter your honour—your mentioning it is quite enough—so pray walk in—master will soon return.—Mrs. Silence.

Enter Mrs. SILENCE.

Shew Sir Peter up to the ladies.

Har. (gives money) And do you drink my health while I go to the ladies (exit into house, conducted by Mrs. S.) and so forth.

Squib. (counting the money) Well, there's no money so good as what a man earns by doing his duty. (Y. Snap makes a noise in watchbox.) Harkye, comrade, if you say one word till I let you out, I've a blunderbuss charged with swan shot, the size of duck's eggs, shall go smack thro' this box and everybody in it.

(Y. Sna. groans.)

Enter Dozey.

Squib. Well comrade!

Doz. Can't find my coat.

[Mrs. Silence appears at door and beckons Bantam, who approaches house door on tiptoe.]

Squib. You're so careless.

Doz. So are you—you'd stand there and talk of my carelessness, while your back's hardly turned but a strange man walks into the house before your face.

[Mrs. Silence goes in, pulls back Bantam by the skirt of his coat.]

Squib. Halt! friend.

Ban. I only---eh---oh---ah! ---how dye do? ---
[to *Dozey*.]

Doz. How d'ye do—Oh now I look again,
this is an old acquaintance.

Squib. Yes, I know he is—he gave me a
guinea.

Doz. And me a bottle of wine—well—where's
Sir Peter?

Ban. Sir Peter—Oh, he's come—he's just
gone in.

Squib. And what of that?

Doz. Why then this is his servant, and—

Squib. His servant! (*speaks to Dozey apart*.)

Ban. To be sure, its my duty to follow my
master—and here the true Sir Peter comes by
all that's mischievous, I must in and apprise
them (*aside*.)

[*Going towards house Dozey pulls him
back.*]

Doz. But I say, what became of my coat?

Ban. That's a terrible house for stealing
coats---and look here comes an old fellow who
has been more than once suspected, and I saw
him come out of the house not half an hour ago
---if he sees me---he'll run---question him cau-
tiously, and I'll pop out on him at the proper
time.

[*Exit into house, met and conducted by
Mrs. Silence.*]

Squib. I must see after Master Charles.

(*going.*)

Doz. Help me to seize this sturdy vagrant.

Enter SIR PETER.

Sir P. I don't know what became of Bantam,
but its well I discover'd the trick and stop'd the
coach—I'll give that rascally old pensioner

reason to remember me as long as he lives—and as for my great coat,—

Doz. (coming forward) The rascally old Pensioner will make you tell where it is (*they seize him.*) You Algenine pirate.

Sir P. Gentlemen—this is rather too bad—

Squib. To rob an old sailor—it is too bad—

Sir P. I rob! why isn't this Mr. Snaps's?

Doz. Well, and what then—who are you?

Sir P. There's my card—I'm a Master in Geography.

Squib. Oh I've got the key of the cellar, and when you've amused yourself there till master comes home, we'll toss you in a blanket.

Doz. And then clap you in the bilhoes till the coat is found.

Sir P. Stand off, fellows! I am your master's friend, Sir Peter Punctual.

Squib. O for shame! That's worse than all—I let in Sir Peter myself.

Sir P. Nay! here's the letter—

Doz. Show it him—I can't read—

Squib. Nor I (*Aside*) No, the thing's plain—to the cellar you go—

Sir P. Yes, yes, we shall see.

Doz. In with him.

(*They put him into house and return.*)

Squib. Ha! ha! ha! we've tickled the old one.

Doz. Maneuvered manfully.

Squib. Beat the enemy at his own weapons.

Doz. And steer'd our friends safe into harbour.

Squib. Now isn't our master very much obliged to us?

Doz. Very.—It was my doing.

Squib. No, no, it was my tactics.

Doz. If I hadn't been upon the look out—

Squib. You, you old fool.

Doz. Here came a frigate under false colours.

Squib. There was an ambush, and a masked battery.

Doz. But we got the enemy within two fires.

Squib. And between us both

(*lifting up their sticks.*)

Snaps. You'd very near broke my head---who was that crying murder?

Doz. The Master in Geography.

Squib. The blanket is ready---Sir Peter's arrived---we've kept out intruders, and let in our friends.

Doz. In short we've done it nicely.

Y. Sna. (*from watchbox.*) Oh! let me come out.

SIR PETER *rushes from the house---BANTAM appears above at the balcony, observes what passes, and goes in again.*

Sir P. If there's law, justice, or satisfaction to be had—I'll have it.

Snaps. Sir Peter—my friend!

Squ. and Doz. Sir Peter!---the Devil!

Sir P. I've been treated as an impostor, called a robber, cheated of my great coat, and—

Y. Sna. (*breaking open the watchbox*) O where's that old villain?

(*All stand amazed—Dozey's coat falls out of the box.*)

Snaps. It's my son!

Y. Sna. It's my father!

Squib. It's no bailiff!

Doz. It's my great coat! Oh you villain.

(*To Y. Snaps.*)

Snaps. Harkye, you patterns of vigilance and care—whose pretty work is all this?

Squib. It was *his* doing (*pointing to Dozey.*)

Doz. No! It was *your* tactics (*to Squib.*)

Snaps. It's getting dark and begins to rain—come in my poor dear friend—come in my boy—and—out of my sight ye veteran plagues of Egypt.

SNAPS, SIR PETER and YOUNG SNAPS go in.

Doz. I say Corporal, “*If you hadn't been on the look out.*”

Squib. I'll teach Master Charles to impose on an old soldier, and, harkye Dozey, there's a sham Sir Peter above—we must dislodge him to make our master amends.

Doz. And there's his servant—your old acquaintance.

Squib. Mine!

Doz. Yes he gave you a guinea—O you're a pretty sentry.

Squib. And you a bottle of wine—you know.

Doz. Don't call names old Chelsea, for if the army and navy disagree it's all over;

Squib. And while we stick together our employers will have no cause to complain of us.

[*Exeunt into House.*]

SCENE II. *A dressing room, with a door on each side, and a practicable window (with curtains) leading to a Balcony. NANCY and HARRY discovered on one side, CHARLES and LUCY on the other, and BANTAM in the middle.*

Ban. It's all true indeed. Sir Peter is released—Young Snaps acknowledged, you'll be discover'd, and I shall be kick'd down stairs.

Cha. Then let's stand our ground, present a formidable and steady front to the enemy, and march boldly out with all the honours of war.

Har. Of love you mean—with all my heart.

Lucy. (*who has been listening at door*) All's quiet below!

Nan. A calm before a storm.

Lucy. Which is the least of you two gentle-

men? we can lock one in the closet in next room.

Nan. And the other?—

Ban. Can stand in this balcony till the heat of pursuit is over. The curtains will conceal him on this side—it's very dark on the other—

Har. And rains like a deluge.

Ban. I'll get out of the house my own way, and when you hear me cry "*Past ten o'clock, and a rainy night,*" trust yourselves to a ladder which I shall place, and when you're free, don't forget poor Bantam. [Exit at the window.

Nan. (Looking at Lucy.) That won't do.

Lucy. No!

Har. Why not, my dear Nancy?

Cha. Why not, my dear Lucy?

Nan. Because ladies don't like going down ladders.

Har. Psha! only *one* story.

Lucy. You must tell *another*, before I consent.

O. Snaps. (Without.) Mrs. Silence!

Nan. There's my guardian, calling Silence.

Lucy. I don't wonder at it, when you make such a noise—what shall we do?

Cha. Hide now, and escape afterwards—I'll to the balcony.

Har. And I to the closet. (Noise at door)—

Exit Harry, at Closet Door—Charles at balcony—The Room door opens softly—Old Snaps peeps in, while Lucy sits down—pretends to be working and sings—Nancy after shutting Harry in, sits down at a distance disconsolately.

Sna. So all's quiet—where have they hid their gallants?

Lucy. (Sings) "Down in the country lived a maiden."

Sna. Lucy, my dear obedient Lucy, how dost do?

Lucy. (sings) "Kind and fair at fifteen years."

Sna. And what's become of your cousin?

Lucy. (sings.)

"She set off with a gallant Captain,
"While Mamma was safe at prayers."

San. (sitting down by her.) Indeed—now let's change the tune a little.

Lucy. (Screams.) Ah! Iud, Sir, is it you! how you do love to frighten people!

Sna. No, I come to talk sense and reason—Bless me, how it rains! Oh! Nancy, child, are you there! I say, ladies, if your two lovers were not safely hous'd, I should be afraid they'd get wet.

Lucy. I'm afraid one of them will as it is, Sir.

Sna. Ah! you mean one of the gentlemen who is hid in this room.

Nan. (Coming forward.) Gentlemen! Lord, Sir! I'm sure there's no gentleman in this room!

Sna. Then, perhaps, there may be one in the next room. Dozey and Sam have confessed their carelessness; we know who's in the house, and Dozey's blunderbuss is double loaded; but don't be alarmed, we shall merely shoot one, and throw the other out of the window.

Nan. O dear, dear guardian, you wouldn't be so cruel!

Sna. Then promise to marry the gentlemen below; and though your disobedience has set the house in a flame—I'll suffer your sparks to go out quietly.

Nan. Well, I'm sure if I had a lover here, sooner than have him shot, I'd go and try to persuade him to do any thing. [Exit.

Sna. Oho! he's that way, is he (aside). Here, Sam! (Enter Squib with a broad-sword.) Wait at the door, and conduct the sham Sir Pe-

ter down (*loud*); and harkye, Mrs. Silence! (*she enters.*) Go you, and keep company with Miss Nancy, and just see how far her impudence will carry her on this occasion. [*Exit Mrs. S.*

Lucy. (*speaking loud*) I'm sure if I was a man, nobody should throw me out of a window while I could jump (*significantly going towards the window.*)

Sna. (*bringing her back*) I'm not going to let you jump—so, once for all, if any interlopers are here, let them come out quietly, or—here comes one—from the lady's closet too—O fie!

Lucy. Well, Silence was with them.

Sna. I suppose so—this way if you please, Sir; follow him, Sam, see him safe out, and don't let him speak with a soul. (*Nancy passes across in Sir Peter's coat.*)

Squib. March! and offer to stop one step, and this shall be your fate, Sham Peter. (*Nancy goes out, Squib follows.*)

Sna. And now for the other, I guess where he is, by your Ladyship's anxiety (*runs to the balcony.*)

Lucy. Why, you wouldn't go to shoot a gentleman, because he only (*gun heard—Lucy screams—Sna comes back.*)

Sna. That dog Dozey had like to have done my business—don't be afraid, your lover's not there.

Bantam. (*Without*) "Past ten o'clock, and a rainy night."

Lucy. The signal!

Enter DOZEY with Great Coat, Lanthorn, and Blunderbuss.

Dozey. I've brought him down.

Sna. You brought him down, you be hang'd, you dog.

Ban. (*Without*) The ladder's ready.

Doz. O Lord! the ladder's ready!

Sna. And I'll see who's at the foot of it, Dozey, guard that door—and no more of your thick-headed blunders. [Exit at Balcony.]

Doz. So, I'm a stupid dog, a thickheaded blunderer, and ought to be hang'd for obeying orders. He thinks I've shot a man to please him, but I don't go gentleman shooting to please him, and now I'm to stand centry over a woman—there I resign my command.---Dozey's his own man again, and Master Snaps may turn watchman himself. (Throws down Coat, Cap, Blunderbuss, and Lanthorn.) [Exit.]

Lucy. And if he won't, I know who will. (Puts on the Coat and Cap, takes the Lanthorn and Blunderbuss, and is going off, when Snaps re-enters with a ladder in his hand.)

Sna. I've secured this, however—eh, Dozey, where's the girl? (Lucy points to the opposite door.) Oh! she's there, is she—well then, do you march down again—don't stand there like a fool—why, you'll fall asleep before you get to your post.

LUCY shoulders the Blunderbuss, and marches out.

Sna. Now, then, to lecture the ladies---hey---no, I'll go fetch Sir Peter and my son to join in the laugh against them, while this ladder shall be a trophy of my foresight, and the young mens' disappointment. [Exit.]

Har. (peeping on) Not till I have borrowed its friendly aid, my old boy, and then, if you think possession of the field a proof of victory, I leave you to all the honours of your triumph.

[Exit with Ladder at Balcony.]

Re-enter SNAPS with SIR PETER, YOUNG SNAPS, and SQUIB.

Sna. Walk up, walk up---the day's our own

—the enemy's defeated—and the first proof of my Generalship I mean to produce, shall be this ladder---eh! but where the devil is it?

Ban. (*peeping in at window*) Here it is, Sir---my master having no further occasion for it, begs to return it with his best acknowledgments.

Sna. And who the devil's your master?

Sir P. My son.

Snaps. Could it be your son who left us disguised like *you*, Sir Peter.

Sir P. To be sure it was.

BANTAM (*coming forward*)

Pardon me, I take upon me to say, that no gentleman left this house in Sir Peter's coat.

Squib. That's false---I saw him out safe---round the corner, and as I came back---I met old Dozey, in his watchcoat and red nightcap---he presented his blunderbuss at me, and was off like—

Doz. (*entering*) No, he wasn't, for I left my coat, nightcap, and blunderbuss, on that chair.

Snaps. Nay then ask the girls (*knocks.*) Come in, speak out boldly, and you shall be forgiven.

Enter MRS. SILENCE.

Well, where's the ladies? speak, I bid you speak.

Mrs. S. Gone.

Snaps. Gone! the devil---what did I send you in there for.

Mrs. S. To see how far their impudence would carry 'em—nine one pound notes, two dollars, and a seven shilling piece. [*Exit.*]

Snaps. I thought Sam, you were to let no one in but your master's son.

Squib. I did let in my master's son, and if I'm brought to a court martial, I hope gratitude

to the memory of an *old* commander, will excuse my having, without knowing it, disobeyed a *new* one.

Snaps (*to Dozey*.) And where's the gentleman you killed?

Doz. It's a rule in the navy never to kill with a gun that's not loaded.

Sir P. My good friend, the real Sir Peter hates trouble, so let the sham one have his choice.

Squib. Well, if I am to be turned out of doors—

Cha. (*entering with Lucy*.) Your friend Charles will take care of you, and, as a proof he means to reform, he brings back the runaway watchman.

Har. (*entering with Nancy*.) To intercede for her charming cousin.

Snaps. Well, well, since that's the case, if it wasn't for my son—

Y. Sna. Don't mind me, I mean to punish the female world by living single.

Squib. Give us your fist, old Greenwich.

Doz. We'll have a can of grog fit to launch a frigate in.

Nan. Guardee!

Lucy. Guardee!

Snaps. Go and plague your husbands.

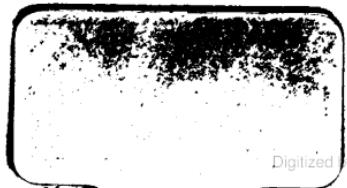
Cha. That they never will, Sir.

Har. Or if they should, we have only to recollect their present kindness, and bid them remember—

Ban. PAST TEN O'CLOCK; AND A RAINY NIGHT!

FINIS.





Digitized by Google

